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Bonaparteana

BUONAPARTEANA;

OR,

Sketches, &c. &c.

BUONAPARTEANA



BUONAPARTEANA;
OR,
SKETCHES TO SERVE FOR AN INQUIRY
INTO THE
Virtues
OF THE
BUONAPARTE FAMILY:

CONTAINED IN A NUMBER OF
CURIOUS and AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES,
Never before published.

R WITH AN
APPENDIX,
CONTAINING
EXTRACTS FROM A MORAL WORK,
SUPPRESSED BY
BUONAPARTE.

—◆—
O, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!

MADAME ROLAND.

—◆—
BATH:

Printed by J. BROWNE, and sold by
LONGMAN AND REES, PATER-NOSTER-ROW, CROSBY
AND LETTERMAN, STATIONER'S-COURT,
FLEET-STREET, AND PHILLIPS, ST.
PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD,
LONDON.

1804.

16.D.

BUONAPARTEANA
OR
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INTO THE

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LONDON.

1804.

DEDICATION.

TO R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

IT is to you, Sir, the most conspicuous of Politicians of the present age, the most eloquent of those who grace the British Senate, that I dare to dedicate this small Collection of Anecdotes; small in form, but great in the context of dissimulation and crimes, which it exhibits of ONE, who naturally bad, became artificially worse. In the same page, it were a monstrous discordance, to mention a Name blackened and “smacking of every sin,” with YOU, whose conduct has been distinguished for your Country’s good.

But, Sir, after-ages, in shuddering with horror at the ravages of this Mau-

DEDICATION.

rauder of Fortune, shall say, it was to the manly Sentiments of the enlightened **SHERIDAN**, that the World was indebted, for the renovation of that noble spirit, which enabled Britain, to shield from the destructive and insatiable tyranny of Buonaparte, the almost expiring liberties of Europe!

Let monuments of brass and marble, perpetuate the fame of those, whose good and evil actions, have formed a motley web of dubious reputation: your unceasing efforts for the benefit of Mankind, shall for admiring posterity be thus recorded:—"This was the consistent supporter of civil and political rights."

Here will I hold.—Could I for a moment hope, that my endeavours might

DEDICATION.

add but one drop to the ocean of Patriotism, which your powers have preserved, and long may preserve to the British Nation; I should be happy to think I existed at a time, when an occasion of rendering myself serviceable, among your many Friends, gave me also the Opportunity of subscribing,

With sincerity,

JUNE 1, }
1804. }

The respectful good wishes of

A VOLUNTEER.

DEDICATION.

add but one drop to the ocean of Patriotism, which your powers have preserved, and long may preserve to the British Nation; I should be happy to think I existed at a time, when an occasion of rendering myself serviceable, among your many Friends, was not also the opportunity of subscribing.

Yours sincerely

The respectful good wishes of
J. A. S. }
1801 }

A. POLUNTER.

PREFACE.

THOUGH difficult to restrain the indignation, in recounting the atrocities of the different persons who have assumed the Government of France, since the fatal æra of its revolutionary birth; if government it can be termed, that which was only the diversity of plunder: the Author is conscious, that in laying open to the observation of the enlightened and rational People of England, any part of the complicated perfidy, and systematic oppression of those, who fill the measure of misfortune for that enslaved Nation; there should be preserved that inviolable adherence to veracity, which alone can entitle him to the approbation of the discrimi-

nating part of the community, in whose good opinion he wishes to maintain a place.

In this intention, he is cautious of advancing any circumstance, but those which have been received through the most respectable channels; and vouched for as genuine, by many whose interest it might have been, to conceal them from public view.

Nor in this case, are the sacred communications of Friendship infringed; for though the Anecdotes here detailed, have not met the observation of the Inhabitants of this Country; they are notwithstanding, well understood by the Courtiers of the Consulate.

It has been also necessary, to select from the gross mass of impure actions, which characterize a depraved, an emasculated Family,* those, that, without wounding the delicacy of an English Reader, might best convey the idea of a very sink of infamy.

However vile and malevolent has been the conduct, which a multiplicity of details have exposed to the Public; the Author still considers himself bound, by the abhorrence in which all acts of deliberate villainy should be held; by the duty which he owes to the well-being of a legi-

* Heaven, in its mercy, prohibits the propagation of monsters.

timiate Constitution; and by the sacred love of his Country; to eradicate the minutest particle of partiality from such as may have been dazzled by the ill-gotten victories and achievements of a MAN, whose career commenced in blood, was continued with treachery, and now concatenated by the combination of corruption, cruelty, and crime!

* Heaven, in its mercy, prohibits the propagation of monsters.

BUONAPARTEANA;

OR,

Sketches, &c. &c.



BUONAPARTE, on his return from Egypt, lived in the *Rue de la Victoire*, *Fauxbourg Montmartre*, but was constant in his visits every day at the palace of the Directory (or Luxembourg) where, with the Abbé Sieyes, then one of the five Directors, he was plotting the over-

throw of their government; it does not appear, through the success which attended their scheme, that any other of the Directory was admitted into their confidence.

It was upon one of those days of public audience, or levees, which were generally attended by their creatures, and the military characters in Paris, that Buonaparte singled out General Bernadotte for a private conference. He felt the necessity of having, in the project he had in prospectus, a man of daring enterprize; and he counted much on the concurrence of the latter, in whose ferocity of aspect, so congenial to himself, he thought he perceived a disposition easily to be instigated to any desperate purpose.

They adjourned to a private apartment in the palace, and the colloquy they held, which was of a very animated nature, will appear in the following authentic dialogue.*

BUON. *Eh bien! Citoyen General!* what think you of the affairs of France? do you imagine things can go on much longer in this manner?

* This, is the only one of the succeeding Anecdotes, which has appeared in England; and the EDITOR, feels it a duty incumbent on him, from the imperfect manner in which it has been stated, to detail it anew, supported by the authenticity of General Clarke, the intimate friend of Bernadotte, and the *confidential* and *trusty* agent of Buonaparte.

BERN. I think, General, that the extravagance, and imbecility of the Directory, have brought France to the lowest state of degradation.

BUON. Have not all my glories in Italy, been tarnished by the cowardice and treachery of Scherer; our laurels, (for, General, you too have assisted in reaping the rich harvest of our conquests in that quarter,) withered; the fertile plains of Romagna desolated, and over-run by a vile horde of Russian barbarians?

BERN. True, General, and the precious blood of our best republicans shed in vain; and at best, to gratify the ambition, and pamper the luxury of five unprincipled ruffians!

BUON. As this government cannot stand, say, General, what can be done, in the present crisis to obtain a better?

BERN. I know of nothing at this moment, that can possibly save the French Nation, but——

BUON. (*interrupting him with great eagerness*) But what?

BERN. A strong Jacobin government, and a National Convention.

BUON. (*apparently chagrined*) No, Citizen, you are mistaken; France must not again resort to a sanguinary system of terror: What would you say, were I to give her a Government and a Constitution?

BERN. (*regarding him with great suspicion*) You!——

BUON. Yes, General, I! This arm shall chase those miscreants from their thrones; then take into my own hands the government of the country!—I call upon you to assist me.

BERN. (*evidently enraged*) Call upon me! what! to assist you to dethrone five villains, and then to set you up as a Dictator!—a Tyrant!

BUON. Tyrant!—Take care, Bernadotte, you are now in the power of the Commandant of Paris.

BERN. (*more furious, and drawing his sword*) Am I your prisoner, then? Open

the door instantly ; or I'll take the head from your shoulders.

BUON. (*affectedly cool*) *Soyez tranquille, mon ami!* (be calm, friend) you are *not* my prisoner. You refuse me your assistance ;—my secret is in your hands ;—will you betray me ?

BERN. (*looking contemptuously at him*) Certainly, Citizen, I refuse assistance in any way to enslave my country ; yet, as a republican, I scorn to betray a secret committed to me.

Thus ended the conversation : Bernadotte hastily quitted the Luxembourg, and Buonaparte was left to reflect upon what would have damped the resolutions of a mind more adventurous, but not of

equal perseverance. He went immediately to Sieyes, to acquaint him with the result of the conference; and to urge the necessity of instantly completing their design, which now appeared too far advanced, to admit of a moment's delay. They tottered on the bank of a Rubicon, and determined as the rule of action,

“AUT CÆSAR AUT NULLUS.”

The next day was fixed on for the important event, and to remove every impediment, they availed themselves of a clause in the Directorial Constitution, to send the two Councils out of Paris. The clause ran thus: “If at any time
“the Country be declared in a state of
“danger, it shall and may be lawful to

“ remove the sittings of the Legislative
“ Body to a place of safety, at some
“ distance from the capital.”

This, as a question, was very warmly debated in the two Councils, and met with a violent opposition from the Jacobin party; but was at length carried, with the majority of one voice, in the Council of Five Hundred. Lucien Buonaparte was the president, and very probably in the secret. This was on the eve of the 18th *Brumaire*: Paris was surrounded with above thirty thousand troops in its immediate neighbourhood, drawn from the adjacent Departments, and on the march for fifteen days preceding that period.

Attempts had been made by the Jacobins, on the same night, to raise the

Fauxbourgs in their favour, and General Augereau was very active in the *Fauxbourg St. Antoine* for that purpose; but a complete listlessness on the part of the people, and the want of arms and money, compelled them to relinquish all hopes of a popular insurrection.

The nation, however prone to variety, was satiated with revolutions; and for the first time, throughout a series of convulsions in ten years, was seen to take place, one of the most decisive events in the history of the country; without the intervention of a single person, who was not in the army, or directly concerned in the administration of the state.

Of all the departments of France, that in which the capital is situated, has been the most conspicuous, as the focus of revolutionary rage; and it cannot surprize the dispassionate observer, if its inhabitants, in having experienced the many calamities attendant on reiterated distractions, should behold, with apathy, a change which they supposed could not encrease the evils they then were subject to. Thus fell the Republic!

“ FUIT ILIUM.”

The return of the Emigrants into France, gave rise to various opinions and conjectures. The Royalists were pleased, as it not only restored to many their expatriated relatives and friends; but it revived hopes and expectations of

regaining their rights, in the re-establishment of monarchy.

The Jacobins, on the other hand, and all those who had purchased national property, were enraged, fearing that the original owners of estates, bought for trifling sums, should, by producing their formerly legitimate documents, claim the possession; and that as Buonaparte had shewn them so much favour* in

* An unfortunate Emigrant in one of the western departments, immediately on his return to France, went to visit his estate, which he found in the possession of a furious Jacobin. He very imprudently made a demand upon the latter for rent; and produced documents to prove himself the original proprietor. The Jacobin appeared to acquiesce in the justice of his claims, and desired him to come

their recall, he might be further actuated to make a law for the restoration of their lands; but the wily Corsican was influenced by a desire of inspiring Europe with the belief of the strength and security of his government; and to shew, (particularly to Great Britain,) that he

next day, and he should be paid some money: when, horrid to detail, on the following morning, upon his entering the house, the unhappy, though real, proprietor of the chateau, received the contents of a blunderbuss, and instantly expired! This atrocious case never came before the Tribunals, nor even underwent any kind of legal investigation. A severe law passed soon afterwards, placing all Emigrants in a state of particular *surveillance*; and against such as were deemed to be refractory, the government issued lists of proscription.

had no reason to fear the admission of a body of men, evidently hostile both to him and his system.

This policy, whilst he hoped it would produce him great popularity, might, possibly, by detaching a large party from the French princes, and providing for those of most consequence, make them abandon that cause, for which they emigrated; and thus, by bribery, places and pensions, ensure to himself the interest and influence of men, who were to sacrifice their principles, and to become the willing dupes of his insatiable ambition. A number of such, therefore, was disposed of in the Legislative Body, and the Tribunate; but he seemed rather cautious of making Emigrants either Counsellors of State, or officers, of any other

description, closely connected with his own person.

The following circumstance will completely shew, that though he might be disappointed in the scheme of strengthening his already overgrown power, through their attachment; yet his craft had a sufficient field to display itself in the destruction of another party, which he well knew, from the active and indefatigable efforts of its leaders, were by HIM, as the usurper of sovereign power, more to be feared.—

“ —Let me have men about me that are fat;

“ Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o’ nights;

“ Yond’ Cassius has a lean and hungry look :

“ He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.”

AT the commencement of the ninth year, in the month of *Vendémiaire*, (a short time after Buonaparte had seized the reins of government,) a supposed Jacobin-conspiracy against his life was discovered. It will be necessary, in order that the world may be made acquainted with its fallacy, to draw its attention to a period when Buonaparte was a private adventurer; before he took the field as a general, and consequently before he could have entertained the idea of aspiring to the supreme Consulate. He was then, as were his brothers, refugees and patriots from the island of Corsica. Lucien Buonaparte has declared that the Directory, who governed at that time, (and to whom they were suppliants,) allowed them only a small portion of

ammunition-bread for their daily subsistence.*

Buonaparte was then a Jacobin. He was actually a member of a *select* body, which stiled itself the BRUTUS-SOCIETY.

* Lucien during his administration of the Interior, was waited upon by a deputation from a body of distressed Colonists, demanding that succour which government had pledged itself to afford them. The miserable applicants, with famine in their looks, pleaded the *necessity*, as well as the JUSTICE of their claims. Lucien, to rid himself of their importunities, after a few shrugs, (symbols of affected commiseration) made the above declaration. "You admit, then, " Citizen Minister," said one of the wretched sufferers, " that the Directory allowed you *ammunition-bread*; tell the First Consul that WE ARE ALLOWED " BY HIS GOVERNMENT NO BREAD AT ALL!"

Impious monsters! Brutus was instigated by the supposed welfare of his country; your object and principle—merely assassination!!! This confederacy was not numerous, but infinitely more formidable than all the Jacobin-clubs in the Republic. Every individual composing it, a host in himself, had sworn in the most solemn manner, to assist in destroying the first man who should usurp the government of France.

However unjust or injurious usurpation may be, and however detestable the character of an assassin; time and circumstances have eventually proved, that this heretofore champion of Jacobinism, quitted only the latter situation, in order to possess himself of the former. Ambition alone, and not a virtuous dereliction

tion from the principles he so warmly espoused, was the cause of his apostacy; and he renounced the self-termed partisans of antient Brutus, to seize the opportunity of becoming, as he fondly hoped, a modern Cæsar. Manes of departed heroism, how pitiable are such attempts of imitation!

Is it wonderful that Buonaparte, the first to violate the oaths of this band of conspirators, should be jealous, if not fearful, of the existence of the rest; or extraordinary that he should contrive a PLOT to give himself a legal pretext for making public examples of them? He must, from the moment he determined on secession, have secretly meditated their destruction; and he, whose colossal grasp could unite and employ all the re-

sources of a powerful nation, certainly wanted not the subaltern means of setting aside a few individual impediments to the career of his inordinate ambition.

Four victims were accordingly selected, the most dangerous of the society, (probably because he was the more intimate with them,) namely DEMARVILLE, an ex-legislator; ARENA, an ex-general; CERACCHI, a representative of the ephemeral Roman republic; and LE BRUN, a celebrated painter. They were all men of conspicuous talents; but Ceracchi was acknowledged by all his contemporaries, as their superior in sculpture. Such, were the devoted objects, destined to be immolated at the shrine of Consular authority.

The Minister of Police, and his myrmidons, were put in motion, and the Grand Opera was fixed on as the scene for the pretended assassination of the First Consul. Those four men were arrested, because they dared to be in the theatre at the same time with Buonaparte; and their being known to be Jacobins, was a presumptive evidence of their intentions, though they were found unarmed. They were committed to the prison of *La Force*, and a lapse of some months proved by their not being brought to trial, the futility of the charge alleged against them; but did not avert the malignity of an implacable tyrant.

On the third of *Nivose* following, a plot was actually put in execution, which involved in its vortex the lives of a num-

ber of innocent persons; it has since been denominated the *Machine infernale*, and was unquestionably aimed at Buona-
parte; but owing to the cowardice of the perpetrators, he arrived at the theatre before the explosion took place, and fortunately for HIMSELF, he and his family escaped.

The number of victims sacrificed to this wicked scheme of extermination, was never exactly known. Several houses opposite the spot where the barrel of gunpowder was fired, in the streets of *Nicaise* and *Marceau*, were completely destroyed; all the windows in the neighbourhood, and even several in the palace of the *Thuilleries*, were shattered to pieces; while the following morning exhibited a miserable spectacle—the scat-

tered limbs and bodies of the wretched sufferers, dispersed on the tops of the adjacent houses! It is impossible to describe the horror and consternation depicted in the countenances of all the inhabitants of Paris, on the day after this shocking event.

Buonaparte, who bore no inconsiderable share in this popular consternation, ordered all the Barriers to be shut, and sent for *Fouché*, (the Minister of Police) demanding the immediate arrest of all the principal Jacobins; insisting, that they were the sole authors of the late conspiracy. *Fouché* persisting firmly, in his own opinion, that the refractory Emigrants only, whom he had recently permitted to enter the French territory, were the conspirators, and not the Jaco-

bins; resisted for two days, the order of Buonaparte for arresting the latter; and was not willing, until positively menaced by the Consul with the loss of his situation, to issue out Lists of Proscription. About fifteen hundred were accordingly arrested, and without any FORM OF TRIAL, *deported*.* General ROSSIGNOL was among the number; and as the real conspirators were for some time concealed from the Police, Government, to give an encrease of energy to its vigilance, added three thousand spies to their number, then above fourteen thousand.†

* The French term for *transportation*.

† Under the extravagant government of the Directory, twenty thousand spies were employed for the metropolis alone. Some of these wretches, re-

Whilst the public mind was agitated and inflamed against the undiscovered actors in the late atrocity, advantage was taken of the circumstances, to bring the prisoners in *La Force* to an immediate trial, with the view of confounding them in the Gunpowder affair. They were, however, perfectly aware of the consequences, and published a de-

ceived as wages for their iniquitous services, a sum so low as *quinze sous*, (seven-pence-halfpenny) per day. Buonaparte, in making some œconomical arrangements among the different Bureaus, positively discharged from the department of Foreign Affairs, upwards of fifteen hundred clerks, as totally useless! The Reader, may be assured that in this statement, there is not the slightest degree of exaggeration:

fence of their conduct, proving the impossibility of their being concerned in the conspiracy; and declaring their utter abhorrence of monsters, who could thus sport with the lives of their fellow-citizens. To this declaration, with a solemn appeal to the public opinion, (futile appeal!) each signed his name, and it was posted in all the Municipalities in Paris; but notwithstanding this incontestible avowal of their innocence, a corrupted jury was impannelled, and the Tribunal proceeded with all the solemn mockery of legal investigation.

To the articles of accusation, they severally refused to plead, upon the charge of conspiring against the life of the First Consul; and positively denied his right to that title and authority. "We know,"

said Demarville, " General Buonaparte,
" was once the object of our admira-
" tion and respect; but he has since
" forfeited all claims to the veneration
" of his fellow-citizens, in becoming a
" usurper and a tyrant: Thus," conti-
nued he, " does he repay, with igno-
" miny and chains, the most sacred acts
" of friendship and attachment.

Demarville pleaded his own cause with extraordinary ability; the dignity of his manner, and his eloquent, yet forcible Philippics against Buona-
parte, made an interesting impression upon the countenances of his auditors. The others were very ably defended by two eminent counsellors, who volunteered their services.

It was the wish of all the prisoners, that CAMBASCERES should attend to give evidence on their defence; but notwithstanding he was subpoenaed for that purpose, this pretended champion of jurisprudence found means to excuse himself from performing an act of humanity, by saying, that the Second Consul was too busily employed in framing a *civil code*, to attend at the Palace of Justice!

But the laboured ingenuity of the most celebrated advocates, and the manifest innocence of the parties accused, were designed in this pre-determined case to have no effect; the prisoners were pronounced guilty, and sentence of death passed upon them. They appealed to

the Tribunal of *Cassation*;* but as that court is composed of judges, who are the creatures of the Consulate, it served only the purpose of prolonging their existence a few days, without any hope of deliverance.

The National Institute petitioned the First Consul, for the lives of the two artists, Ceracchi and Le Brun, seconding their prayer with the following striking observation:—"The loss society
" must feel in being deprived of the talents of these great men: and that although Buonaparte might create many
" generals, he could not make one man

* A Court for Repeal.

“ of genius.” He rejected the petition, coldly observing,—“ It was a pity that the painter of the death of Caius Gracchus should perish on a scaffold; but he could not violate the laws, which were above his power! Excellent observer of, and sustainer of those laws, which he himself sanctioned, the fabrication of his jesuitical colleague in iniquity, the Abbé Sieyes, that the first sacrifice to their power (for his Constitution was not then five months old) should be victims of his own tyranny!!!

On the morning of the 6th *Pluviose*, 9th Year of the Republic, the greatest assemblage of people ever remembered upon such an occasion, thronged all the quays, and public avenues leading to the *Place de Greve*, and from the Palace of

Justice to the Guillotine. The troops were almost as numerous as upon the execution of the unfortunate Lewis XVI. — Executions in Paris ordinarily take place at noon, but this was delayed, till near two o'clock.

The friends of humanity augured some good from this respite, and hoped that a pardon would have been announced; but their hopes expired upon the arrival of the victims, in a common cart, surrounded with *gens d'armes*, strongly guarded before and behind with light and heavy cavalry, followed by a carriage, in which was seated the *Grand Juge*. The prisoners, who were bound with cords, having loose wrappers thrown over their shoulders, appeared perfectly placid, though they were insulted on the

way by one or two solitary voices, crying "*Vive Buonaparte!*" Arena caught the eye of one of the hirelings who uttered it, and was observed to smile contemptuously.

Arriving at the foot of the fatal scaffold, they alighted with confidence; and having embraced each other, and saluted the people, submitted willingly to their fate, whilst a murmur of indignation strongly expressed the feelings of the multitude!

With what extraordinary expedition this mode of execution is conducted; four men, apparently in perfect health, in about three minutes precipitated into eternity!

Buonaparte, upon this occasion, shewed himself both wanting in gratitude, and an enemy to genius, taste, and the arts. The fame of Nero and Tiberius is at length eclipsed; and Europe, besotted Europe, still tolerates the political existence of HIM, who is falsely supposed *only to equal* in tyranny those monstrous productions of nature!

Admitting that these unfortunate men had been fairly convicted of having conspired against his life, (for there did not appear in the course of the trial, the slightest overt-act to cover this barbarous and bloody proceeding,) would it not have appeared glorious in him to pardon them for an act, merely intended against himself; and does it seem reasonable, that they could have abused his cle-

mency, if he had mitigated the punishment to that of deportation?

This additional act of his injustice, has deprived the world of two celebrated artists. Alas! ill-fated Roman! this was the return you met from the unprincipled leader of that distracted nation, after the many efforts you made to promote its interest, and further its success, in your own betrayed and insulted country; for this, your talents were exerted in embellishing her proud capital; and thus were you recompensed, for having saved her troops from merited destruction!*

* The Reader should be made acquainted with a singular service this person rendered to the French cause in Italy. At a time when a part of the army of that republic entered Rome, pursued by the

The blood of Arena then blushed, for having once run high, in friendship to the Chrysalis Consul! Friend of his youth! You had in vain shared your purse in his adversity—Gratitude had also fled to Heaven!*

Austrians; Ceracchi, then one of the Public Functionaries, actually saved the lives of 7,000 French soldiers, who would otherwise have been massacred by the Papal troops.

* Arena, previous to the trial, wrote several pressing letters to Buonaparte, requesting an interview; in answer to one it was alledged, that the latter could not think of hazarding the safety of his person in the presence of an assassin. “Let him come,” said Arena, “surrounded by his guards; it is impossible a brave man should fear an unarmed and defenceless prisoner; but he may have reason to dread—the just, the indignant reproaches of a much-injured friend!”

The period at length arrived, when the true contrivers and perpetrators of the late mischievous calamity, were to be brought forth, amidst the execrations of an incensed populace, to pay the forfeit of their crime against their injured country. It was a day of melancholy triumph to the friends of those who had unjustly suffered; but it removed the odium from that party, which was then indiscriminately languishing in banishment.

The unabated exertions of *Fouché*, and the active vigilance of his numerous spies, unerringly traced the business to its true source. A *ci-devant* Marquis (*de St. Rejean*) and his servant were arrested; the former, on setting fire to the train, had been wounded in his thigh with a splinter from the *Machine infernale*, be-

fore he could escape. He remained for some time without surgical aid, fearing to expose the nature of his wound, and thereby hazard a discovery; but a violent fever brought on by this neglect, and some suspicious expressions being overheard to fall from him, in a state of delirium, the Police received an information, and sent him a surgeon in their own employ.

Through these means, every particular circumstance became developed; and the man who had sold to them a horse and cart, (which conveyed the inflammatory materials for their destructive scheme,) swore positively to these two men, who were consequently found guilty upon the clearest evidence, and executed, with

this simple difference from the innocent sufferers who preceded them, that they were invested with the *red shirt*, a symbol of acknowledged and detected murder. They did not confess to have had any accomplices in this daring affair.

CONSULAR TYRANNY over the PRESS.

ONE of the most distinguished excellencies of the British Constitution is the Liberty of the Press. The free exercise of this political blessing, is more particularly acknowledged in this country, than in any other. The great advantages mankind derive from its operations in the hands of the judicious, shew how necessary it is to preserve it free and unshackled; and that no small perversion of its ordinary powers, should induce a wise legislature, to limit or des-

troy this great palladium of public liberty.

The French government, in exclaiming against the freedom of the Press in England, and making it one of the principal reasons for the present rupture, sufficiently proves its total annihilation in France.

Before the peace, and immediately after the admission of the Emigrants, the *Bien Informé*, a newspaper in Paris, conducted by NICOLAIS BONVILLE, a well known Jacobin, and a man of literary abilities, was very free in its strictures on public affairs. The proprietor, in consequence, received a caution from his friend General BRUNE, (if caution was necessary,) at a period when Bu-

naparte had suppressed two-thirds of the journals in the capital, as well as several throughout the different departments.

It was the custom for the *Bien Informé* to affix daily at its head a motto, selected from some author, and allusive to the leading points of the information it had to detail. These quotations, according to their several writers, were in different languages; and the insertion of one from Shakespeare, containing these pointed words: “—’Tis He! Bolingbroke, &c.” roused the Consular vengeance, ever watchful to exercise its fullest powers of proscription, and occasioned the extinction of this last organ of public opinion.

The feelings of an Englishman must necessarily revolt, at this petulant and summary mode of proceeding in France, in cases of Libel; contrasted with the slow, and comparatively indulgent process of the laws in his own country. Behold the modern manner of crushing a French journal:—

A guard of soldiers enters the printing-office, seizes all the materials used for the publication of the print; and affixing on the doors an impress of the great seal of the State, forbids, under the penalties of the law, any further exercise of printing in that office, until the Government be *graciously* pleased to grant its permission. This indulgence but very rarely occurs.

Thus, by a tyrannical stroke of military power, if the existence of the individual whose property is confiscated, depends on the sale of his paper, he becomes at once reduced to irremediable distress,—to destruction.

Let us here for a moment pause, to admire the mighty Constitution of England; a Constitution, which approving generations have consigned to us, in trust for posterity. Is it not to this that we are indebted for all those energies, those yet unknown powers, which will perpetuate the unsullied glories of the BRITISH NAME and CHARACTER? Think not, ye many-headed hydras of continental despotism, to overwhelm a Nation, at once possessing the powers of remotest ages! This sa-

cred deposite, is founded on a rock of GENERAL PROSPERITY, and the fury of your diabolical machinations shall never prevail against it.

The English papers were the next objects for the exercise of his petty politics. The circulation of these, was in the eye of reason too trifling to affect him; there were not at that time more than two reading-rooms that received them in Paris; and they came, in consequence of the war, so very irregularly, that the few Frenchmen who had learned sufficient to understand them, were seldom gratified with the sight of an English print.

Of this curious description of persons, the Emigrants were the most interested;

and it was truly amusing to observe, such as had but a superficial knowledge of the language, hastening to the *cabinets littéraire*, furnished with folio dictionaries, to translate the "TRUE BRITON" and the "TIMES," so great was their avidity to catch at any attack upon the "*little corporal*," as they sarcastically denominated their military ruler.

The reader, in contemplating the feelings of a gamester, who stakes upon the hazard of a die, his last means of support: the wretched criminal, in the horrid interval between sentence and punishment: or to carry the idea further, of an expectant adventurer, whose ticket in the lottery has remained until the last half hour of the last day of drawing; may, perhaps, form a just idea of Buo-

naparte's feelings upon the arrival of the English newspapers at the *Thuilleries*; his impatience for a hasty translation of their contents, and the solicitude manifested by him, whilst the translator is rendering into French, the cutting Philippics which are contained in their motley columns.

Upon one of these trying occasions, he glanced his eye over the words "*little wretch*," in the same paragraph with his own name, and from their being printed in Italics, he suspected that the translator had not given them, in the literal translation ("*petit malheureux*,") and their full force; he threatened him therefore with instant dismissal from his employment, if, through fear or *delicacy* he did not do his duty, as he ought.

The translator remonstrated in vain, declaring, that he could not find any term stronger in the French language to express these words. The Consul insisted that there must be appellations more virulent; and collaring the supposed culprit, demanded another meaning. The latter added, that though the language would not bear him out, in expressing the contemptuous epithet the original meant to convey; yet, (were he permitted to analyze the writer's thoughts, from the leading tendency of the paragraph,) he would, (pardoning the liberty) if requested, give the author's words in a stronger stile: this being granted, he translated them *petit scelerat*, (little rascal,) which had the usual effect of raising his fury to the most violent height;

he danced as if mad, swore; ran round the apartment, and uttered volleys of execrations against the whole English nation; exhibiting, by an ungovernable and intemperate rage, that want of dignity, which ever accompanies the upstart whom chance or villainy has invested with power, and which a great mind is incapable of indulging.

Is this the MODEL by which future Consuls are to regulate their conduct?

It is said, that when at the head of his army, the midnight lamp, alone, was the witness of his modest studies; yet, it was from the page of Plutarch that he imbibed these *heroic* sallies: Did he vainly suppose, that the recesses of the Palace could conceal such frantic extra-

vagancies? No, the Biographer would have taught him their fatal effects, and the seclusions of a tyrant would at some time have been exposed. Domitian warred with flies; and the grottos of *Capræ* still bear testimony of their infamous destination.

CONSULAR LIBERALITY.

AMONG a variety of instances which might be adduced, to prove the vanity of this little *great* man, the following may be deemed sufficient:—

The Mayor of Paris, and the Prefect of the Police, (creatures of his own creation, and consequently his parasites,) announced to the public a grand *Fete*, to be held on the 15th of August, 1802, in honour of the birth-day of the *Pacificateur du Monde!*

The prospectus usually delivered upon such occasions, after enumerating the various amusements in the *Fete*, stated the benevolent intention of the Government towards the people of Paris, in delivering *gratis*, those articles of wearing apparel belonging to the poor, which their necessities had caused them to pledge in the *Mont de Pieté*.

This circumstance was in direct imitation of the Jacobin-government of the Convention, and which was ever strictly adhered to, even by that sanguinary party ; but as it failed in the present instance, to produce the popularity it was meant to create, Buonaparte thought the "custom more honoured in the breach, than in the observance."

The day was saluted by the minions of the Triumvirate, with every external appearance of joy and festivity; ringing of bells, High Mass and *Te Deum*, at *Notre Dame*; and at night, all Paris blazed with fire-works and brilliant illuminations.

During the concert in the evening, at the *Thuilleries*, Bonaparte appeared at the balcony of the palace, fraught with the hope of popular acclamation. Fruitless hope! His presence produced no applause; nor could the spoils of Bourbon, the decorations of insulted sovereignty, which be-gemmed his sword, or the richness of his *Lyons'* suit,* in which

* This famous Habit, was of green velvet, splendidly embroidered, and cost 15,000 livres.

he was that evening clothed; attract from a race, the most liable to be seduced by appearances, a single sound of approbation. There were heard a few who cried out *Le voila, le Premier Consul!* as if in derision, saying, look at the First Consul!

The moment he retired, a sullen and disdainful silence marked the general dissatisfaction; and the next day, an *Arrêt* was posted at all the public places, stating, that Government had altered its intentions; and the pawns of tantalized misery were *not* to be released!!!

This meanness, was evidently dictated by his revenge, for the cold reception he experienced the preceding night; and

this single instance, may give an idea of his littleness of mind, in thus openly violating the first liberal promise of his Cerberus-administration; the performance of which, it is too plain, depended on the sacrifice of the feelings, and the understandings of the people of Paris.

The ceremony of a *Grand Fete* in Paris, is an object almost indescribably elegant. The French, at all times, have been singularly emulous over all countries, in their public spectacles and exhibitions. A universal taste among the people for such amusements, has given them the practical power of excelling their neighbours; and a foreigner perusing the plan of a Parisian Festival, would imagine, that they had exhausted

all the mines of invention, to squander the revenues of the State, and feed the folly of the populace. Certain it is, that the *Great Nation* may be justly compared to an infant, which must have its toys and its baubles, to keep it in good humour.

Buonaparte has studied this, amongst many other popular weaknesses, and has even made improvements on this species of entertainment. Temples dedicated to victory, were erected during the late war, upon those occasions, to stimulate and rouze the jaded spirit of the Nation; and a detachment from every demi-brigade, carried their colours to deposit in the Temple of Mars; a spacious hall in the *Hotel des Invalides*, where the mailed Deity is represented in bronze,

surrounded by a number of standards, the spoils of destroyed armies.

It may not be uninteresting to describe a particular *Fete*, which was celebrated with the greatest splendor. The anniversary of the first Revolution, (14th of July,) had been particularly observed throughout all the succeeding ones; and even on the *ninth* Year (1801,) when the Republic had ceased to exist, (except in name,) it was uncommonly brilliant.

On the evening before, at six o'clock, the commencement of this *Fete* was announced by a general discharge of artillery, and the doors of all the theatres, were thrown open for the free admission of the public, when appropriate pieces

were performed. The cannon were fired the next day, at intervals, for twelve hours.

At eleven in the morning, the Constituted Authorities were assembled, and formed a procession, preceded by Lucien Buonaparte, then Minister* of the Inte-

* The arrangement of these public spectacles, is one of the exclusive duties of this Minister. Lucien, among the thinking part of the Parisians, was denominated *le Charlatan*, (the Quack,) from his ridiculous and ostentatious mode of conducting the national *Fetes*. Upon one of these extraordinary occasions, the bones of Marshal TURENNE, were brought in an evening from *St. Denis*, escorted by detachments from different regiments of dragoons; and dragged through the streets of Paris all the next day, in a pompous procession, dedicated to some victory!!!

rior, who proceeded to lay the foundation-stone for a new quay, to be named after General DESSAIX, killed at the battle of Marengo. This done, another cavalcade, at the head of which appeared Buonaparte, attended by the minor Consuls, and surrounded by a staff of nearly five hundred officers, richly uniformed, advanced to the *Champ de Mars*, where it was joined by the other procession; the whole forming a line, to view chariot-races, and other exercises, in imitation of the Olympic Games.

The most interesting spectacle, was the arrival of the Consular Guards from Marengo, at one o'clock, just as they came off the field of battle; their standards torn by the shot of the enemy, exhibiting, even amidst the pomp of tri-

umph, all the horrors and miseries of war! A number of Orators harangued from various tribunes; and exactly at four o'clock, a stupendous Balloon was launched from the *Champs Elysées*, under the direction of Citizen GARNERIN, containing five persons, who made a short ærial voyage over Paris.

In the *Champs Elysées*, were erected three open theatres, in which the most distinguished performers, continued to act Opera, Comedy, and Pantomime. Partly formed by nature, and relieved by art, the scenery was all that can be conceived, in theatrical decoration. At seven, the Concert commenced, supported by the united talents of the *Conservateurs de la Musique*, in a gorgeous temple in the same place.

The general illuminations, presented a blaze of dazzling brilliancy. The most splendid, were the palaces of the *Thuilleries*, and the *Luxembourg*, and the Hotels of the different Ministers; all of which bore appropriate devices.

The garden of the *Thuilleries*, and the *Champs Elysées*, were lighted by a profusion of lamps: in the latter, were several hundreds of mock-orange trees, each containing five hundred lights, and a festoon of different coloured lamps between each tree. The pyramids of fire extended beyond the Barriers; and the whole appearance was that of an Elysium. Even the lamp-lighters, (in the very act of illumination,) performed a Pantomime, which had a grotesque and

singular effect, as these wretches were dressed up in a variety of ludicrous characters.

The dancing continued all night, and the natives of every country, at peace with France, were accommodated for that purpose, with places particularly marked, each of which had an orchestra, filled with select musicians.—So much for a *Civil Festival*: behold a *Religious* one!—

Le Jour de Paque, or Easter-sunday, 1802, was appointed by Buonaparte, for the celebration of the restoration of Religion in France, in the cathedral of *Notre Dame*.

Great preparations were accordingly made: the Cardinals, with all the body of conforming Clergy, and members of the *Concordat*, attended to receive the First Consul, who left the palace of the *Thuilleries*, at eleven o'clock, attended by all the Ministers of State, the Legislative Body, the Tribunes, and the Foreign Ambassadors.

The *pious* Reformer himself, appeared in a new carriage, made in the English fashion, drawn by eight beautiful Spanish horses, preceded by eight others, richly caparisoned, in crimson velvet saddles, and studded with diamonds; each horse led by a Mameluke, richly habited. Before and behind the carriage, were the horse-guards of the Consuls.

It is worthy of remark, that a few days before, in a conversation with CHAPTAL, (the present Minister of the Interior,) concerning the arrangement of this procession; when the latter asked, in what part the military were to be disposed; the Consul said, with a sarcastic smile: “ I will have them *a la St. Cloud*, “ in the front rank.”

Next followed the other Consuls, in their own carriages; and after these, a regiment of Mamelukes.* The Public

* A band of whiskered Frenchmen, disguised in the garb of Mamelukes. Buonaparte has but *one* Mameluke in his suite, a young man, named ROSTAN, who accompanied him from Egypt. This

Functionaries, at the head of whom appeared *Fouché*, the Minister of Police, came next; and the procession was at length closed, by all the *Gens d'armes*, in a new uniform. The streets were lined the entire way, with detachments of the National Guards.

Upon his arrival at the gates of the church, the First Consul was received under a purple velvet canopy, by the Cardinal CAPRIARI, the Pope's Legate, and the Archbishops of Paris and Rouen, who having conducted him to a throne, where he assisted at the ceremo-

person seems to possess his greatest confidence; for he attends him upon all occasions, and rides close to the carriage-window, armed with a dagger.

ny of "Te Deum," and High Mass, which were performed in a stile suitable to the occasion; most graciously bestowed their benediction. Some original music, the composition of PASIELLO, graced the performance.

The curiosity of the public, was so much excited, that the church was nearly filled by seven o'clock in the morning; and the Parisians were saluted, with the ringing of all the bells in the city, which had been mute, from the commencement of the sanguinary sway of the Robespierrean faction.

The procession having returned to the palace, Buonaparte entertained at a

sumptuous banquet, all the Members of the *Concordat*, and a number of general officers. He seemed uncommonly elated, and endeavoured to repress his manifest joy, at possessing the power to restore, what, but a very few years before, his armies had cordially destroyed,—the Catholic Religion!!!

He felt that he had accomplished a great work, in gaining over, on his side, the power and influence of the Clergy: he therefore, now, saw the completion of his domestic designs: fortified by the aid of *that* Religion, (a powerful instrument in the hands of a tyrant, to enslave an ignorant multitude by superstition,) he forgot, that many of his veteran troops, who assisted him in Italy to destroy the power of the Pope, still

lived to witness this extraordinary apostacy, in their once respected commander.

The conversation at table, was on the circumstances of the day, and Buonaparte discoursed freely, on the great advantages France must derive, from the return of religion and social order; but, contrary to his expectation, a majority of his military guests, so far from felicitating him on this occasion, expressed their decided disapprobation of the whole proceedings; and even ridiculed, in the very teeth of the Cardinals and Bishops, the re-admission of a Religion, the abuses and impositions of which, had been exposed to all Europe by the French Revolution: and particularly being an Establishment, in direct opposi-

tion to the inclinations and common sense of all that part of the community, whose judgment and opinions are ever worth attention.

Mortified and chagrined, at these unexpected reflections, the Hero vented his spleen, by dismissing some of those officers, from their posts and employments, who were most violent in inveighing against the new order.

Soon after this, a Demi-Brigade refused to have its colours consecrated, contrary to an *Arrêt* issued by the First Consul for that purpose; saying,—“Let
“our standards be consecrated to our
“country, as they have been by the
“blood of its enemies!”—This Demi-

Brigade received an immediate order to march forty leagues from Paris.

Upon its arrival at the place of its destination, a military Tribunal was summoned, to try the principal leaders in the mutiny. Seventeen were found guilty, and sentenced to be shot; which sentence was carried into execution, in the course of one hour after.

Can it be supposed, that the army should respect a General, who, to gratify his inordinate thirst for dominion, (though founded in the most palpable absurdity,) could thus wantonly embrue his hands in the blood of his soldiery?

It is well known, that the troops at Bourdeaux, and in many other parts of

France, refused their consent, when demanded, to the *Senatus Consulta*, that is, for the Consulship for life; and it is very possible, that others merely acquiesced, in the hope of rendering him the object of disgust, to a people already wearied with a policy, neither civil, religious, or military; but combining, the vices and imperfections of all.

But enough;—mankind requires no greater proofs, to establish the infamy of this military Despot. Religion, is made a pretext, to destroy his very adherents: its operations, on the mind of this half-civilized savage, have been to stimulate him; not to the performance of the duties of a Christian, but to the malignance of a fiend.

CONSULAR FAITH.

THE religious principles of this First Consul, might puzzle the Theologians of antient, as well as modern, times to elucidate. Cromwell was a hypocrite in one religion, Buonaparte is a hypocrite in all: a Theophilanthropist in France, an Atheist in Italy, and a good Mussulman in Egypt.

Having dethroned the Pope, and completely annihilated his power; what must the admirers of his fancied sytem of re-

form now say, who having rejoiced in the abasement of the Roman purple, behold it again restored, by the same sacrilegious hand, with all its concomitant dominion?

It cannot be urged, in defence of this extraordinary measure, that the people of France desired the restoration of the Church. There was no part of the Nation, that did not abhor, the very name of a Church Establishment; except one or two departments in the *Vendée*, not from any hatred to religion; but through the crimes and misconduct, the arrogance and exactions of the clergy, under the old government.

Buonaparte, inexhaustible in his declamations against priestcraft, but a few

months before, began suddenly to discover the necessity, of burthening the Nation with an Established Religion; recollecting, perhaps, the policy of imperial Rome, in uniting, as closely as possible, the High Priesthood with the supreme power; but obviously to secure to himself the Presidency of the *Cisalpine Republic*, and make the Pope an instrument for that purpose.

He therefore called together a convention, composed of the holy supporters of the original system, who, disappointed and frustrated in all their attempts to place Lewis XVIII. on the throne of his ancestors, felt it their present interest to flatter the Usurper; and by thus gaining one step in the re-introduction

of the Hierarchy, open a new road to the restoration of Royalty.

Citizen *Portalis*, (a priest,) the firm friend and correspondent of MONSIEUR; and Citizen *Lucien* Buonaparte, *ci-devant* Jacobin, and President of the Council of Five Hundred, were the principal leaders of this pious Conclave: the former to act as an intermediating agent with his Holiness, to possess a *certain* degree of influence in France; the latter to convince the people, how impossible it was to sustain morality, and a *regular* system, without the indispensable cares of ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

There was no joy in France for these repentant sinners; nor was it without difficulty, that the indignation of the

people could be restrained from manifesting itself in acts of outrage. Still would they refer to the conduct of America; but America remains yet uncorrupted, and the primitive manners of its industrious inhabitants, require not the chastisement of inquisitorial persecution.

The following occurrence may not prove unacceptable to the reader, as it will serve to exhibit the conduct of this religious *Proteus*, to the disciples of Christianity of every persuasion; notwithstanding his vaunting proclamations for tolerating all Christian sects:—

The Rev. Mr. B——, an English Dissenter, with that laudable zeal for

the propagation of the Gospel, which is the distinguishing characteristic of the clergy of this description, was induced to take a journey to Paris, in the hope of making proselytes. He had read the flattering accounts with which the French journals were filled, of the friendly disposition of the First Consul to promote the extension of Religion throughout the Republic: and the high-sounding phrases of Universal Toleration, seemed invitingly to promise the success of his scheme.

There was, however, one very powerful obstacle in the prosecution of his design, which he had to surmount. The countries were at war; and he calculated only, upon the benevolent purposes of his mission, without taking into the ac-

count, the risque of incurring the displeasure of one government, and the suspicion of the other.

Such impediments presenting themselves to a worldly mind, would have been a sufficient discouragement; but to that of our spiritual Quixote, it seemed as so many dangers destined to heighten the glory of his enterprize.

That the object of his journey might not be suspected of a political nature, he was furnished by a friend in London, with proof impressions of an extensive historical work, and appointed as an agent to receive subscriptions.

He landed on the continent; but having no passport, took the prudent pre-

caution of travelling on foot through the different departments, and arrived safe in Paris.

Through the interest of an English Professor in one of the Academies there, he obtained an introductory letter to the Third Consul, Le Brun, who received him with great politeness; set down his name among the list of subscribers, and also gave him a letter of recommendation to the First Consul.

Elated by such proofs of the present, and flattered with the prospects of his future success; he hastened to *Malmaison*, (the country-residence of Buonaparte at that time,) and was admitted, through Le Brun's letter, into an anti-chamber. After waiting some time, he was questioned

by a Counsellor of State, to explain the real motives of his journey from England: this done, he was surprized to find himself seized upon by two *gens d'armes*, who communicated to him the orders of the First Consul:—that he was to be *brigaded* with every possible dispatch, out of the French territory;—“and,” added one of these minions, “in consideration of your religious principles,* you shall have *beaucoup d'eau*,” (plenty of water) “with your marching-allowance of bread!!!”

But it has remained, for degraded France, to exhibit to the universe an awful picture, resulting from that want

* This Gentleman is an Anabaptist.

of virtue and morality, indispensibly essential to the support of a well regulated system.

The pride and luxury of its higher orders, and the ignorance and poverty of the lower, facilitated that dreadful Revolution, the miseries and horrors of which, has rendered them subservient to any *adventurer* sufficiently daring to seize upon the rights of sovereignty.

Thus, when the unhappy French, in a moment of popular frenzy and resentment, destroyed their ancient Establishment, a want of political knowledge, incapacitated them from providing any other to supply its place; and they fell victims to the various factions which divided their interests, and precipitated

them into the destructive mazes of anarchy and confusion.

To the total neglect of a virtuous education, and the culpable errors of the Priesthood, may be attributed a number of those lamentable excesses which stain the page of their history for the last fourteen years.

This unhappy, and misguided people, freed from the restraints, which the old laws had formerly imposed, plunged into every species of vice and extravagance; and destitute of that information necessary to lead them to discriminate between right and wrong, sacrificed without feeling or remorse, the innocent with the guilty. The dangerous doctrine of superstition, laid the foundation of all

those evils, and its destructive influence upon the minds of the ignorant and unenlightened, produced that baleful system of irreligion and impiety, which has but too successfully marked the revolutionary æra.

LUCIEN BUONAPARTE.

It is recorded, that upon the death of the Emperor HADRIANUS, the Senate of Rome debated, whether they should deify him for his many virtues; or, consign him to eternal infamy, as guilty of the greatest crimes. Since the historian's page is doomed to be defiled, in recounting the ignoble actions of this unworthy family; it will be seen, how far antiquity would be degraded in the comparison, where we cannot find ONE solitary vir-

tue, to oppose to a mass of the most detestable vices!

If this individual be not the rival of a Nero, or a Caligula, it is not from want of inclination: and, fortunately for mankind, fate has placed this slave to brutal passions, in a subordinate situation; for did he hold the reins of empire, he would certainly prove a still greater curse to Europe, than his troublesome and tyrannical brother.

This domestic Hero, who commenced his political career, as a Commissary, in one of the departments, was afterwards, through his brother's successes in Italy, appointed President of the Council of Five Hundred; and upon the accession

of *Napoleon* to the Consulate, became Minister of the Interior.

His boundless extravagance in that employment, his frequent dilapidations of the public purse, to support levees of courtezans and musicians, and the sumptuous entertainments lavished on the most abandoned characters, threatened even the bankruptcy of the State: and when the Consul found it necessary to send him, under a guard of *Honour*, to the Spanish court, upon a supposed embassy; it was publicly said in Paris, that his sudden removal, was in consequence of a great defalcation in the Treasury, when called upon to produce his accounts.

The vanity and ambition of this modern Attila, may be palpably seen in an ephemeral publication, which made its appearance, and was very industriously circulated throughout France, shortly after the commencement of *Napoleon's* usurpation.

It commenced in a Machievelian stile, to pour forth an inundation of fulsome panegyrics, upon the merits of the First Consul, and the important services he had rendered to France:—

“What,” says the Author, “should
“not a Nation do, to express its grati-
“tude to the Individual who has raised
“it to the highest pitch of prosperity
“and grandeur? The treasures of the
“country would be insufficient to repay

“ HIM, whose exertions have been un-
“ ceasing, to perpetuate her glory; and
“ to secure for her, riches and advan-
“ tages over all her envious neighbours.
“ This *has* been done;—and what *has*
“ *not* been done by this wonderful Man,
“ at the hazard of his life, for the French
“ people, and for posterity?

“ In the midst of his benevolent la-
“ bours, he has had to encounter the
“ dagger of the assassin, and the pesti-
“ lential breath of calumny. Vain has
“ been all the efforts of unnatural, and
“ ungrateful monsters, to tarnish a cha-
“ racter, rendered still more effulgent,
“ by the base and impotent artifices of
“ the malignant and the factious.

“ The venal Journalists of Great Bri-
“ tain, have assimilated the Conqueror
“ at *Marengo*, with the time-serving
“ MONK; who, to gain an establish-
“ ment for himself, restored the British
“ Monarchy. Frenchmen! can you
“ imagine for a moment, that Buona-
“ parte would resort to so mean an ar-
“ tifice? Do you wish for the restoration
“ of the ***** Bourbons? Let the
“ Great Nation perform an act worthy
“ of itself; and if it must have a head,
“ frustrate the pretensions of an ambi-
“ tious and unprincipled Family, by
“ preferring your election in favour of
“ ONE, who has saved the country by
“ his valour, and now supports it by his
“ protecting wisdom, and the justice of
“ his laws!”

This contemptible production was no sooner issued from the press, than it made its way to the levées of the minor Consuls, who, trembling for the seeming instability of their *thrones*, presented themselves before the head of their junto; and after a few unmeaning compliments, the usual topics of a Consular *converzatione*,* produced the cause of their apprehensions.

* *Le Senat Conservateur*, (Conservatory Senate) appointed as guardians to watch over the Constitution, keep their *converzationes* once a Decade, in the palace of the Luxembourg, not for the purposes of deliberation; but of feasting. The EDITOR was informed by one of these sapient Senators, that no other business was transacted for three months, than an alteration in spelling the name of one of the Members of this *profound* Assembly.

Apparently enraged at the coarseness of the panegyrics, Buonaparte sent in great haste for *Fouché*, and asked him in a severe, and imperative tone of voice, how such scandalous libels could be published, without his knowledge or interference? *Fouché* sarcastically replied, that he knew both the author and printer; but that as the former held a high situation in the State, he did not think it altogether *prudent*, to stop the circulation of what had the apparent sanction of Government. “Who is the author, then?” said Buonaparte, fiercely?—“Your dear friend and brother,” “*Lucien!*” rejoined the mighty chief of the *Mouchards*.

One of his most famous negotiations, during that administration, was the *double*

sale of the Tolls of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine. On being applied to by the first purchasers, (who had paid the sum of 15,000 livres in advance for the preference,) to make good his agreement; he unblushingly told them, that he had disposed of the same to another party, for 18,000!!!

It was in vain to remonstrate with him upon the forfeiture of his promise, or to suggest to him, what common reason would have at least demanded, the reimbursement of the money; he laughed at the *simplicity* of their request, and told them, that it was a *stroke in policy*, they should have foreseen, before they came to the Bureau; declaring, with perfect indifference,—that Government

could not be troubled with refunding such trifles!!!

His mode of payment is tolerably well exemplified, in the banishment of the Picture-Merchant; but decency forbids a further exposure of that long list of infamies, which forms the history of a life, that narrowly escaped the just fury of his brother-in-law, General MURAT, on his attempt to unite the crime of adultery, to (if possible) the still more horrid one of incest.——ROUSSEAU, your prophecy is at length verified:—Corsica now astonishes the world!!!

JEROME BUONAPARTE.

PRIOR to the sailing of the famous Egyptian expedition, Buonaparte went to take leave of *Jerome*, his youngest brother, then at the Academy of M. MESTRO, *St. Germain's-en-laye*, near Paris.

After conversing for some time with the different Professors, he left positive injunctions, with the head of the Institution, that *Jerome* should not attend

Mass; which he was then pleased to deprecate, as nonsense.

The world must be well convinced, of his contempt for all other Christian sects, from his flattering infidels; his *pious* observance of Mahometan customs; nay, his downright profession, supported by the most open acts of undisguised Atheism.

Yet forced by the valour and perseverance of British troops, to abandon his wild schemes of conquest in the East; and returning to the charge of re-conquering, and re-plundering Italy; he has been again seen to bow down before the Host; to command the celebration of "Te Deum;" and to assist at

the most solemn ceremonies of the Roman Church!!!

Some time after the invention of the Consulate, the Count COBENTZEL, who was negotiating the last treaty of peace for the Court of Vienna, lived at the *Thuilleries*, and was constantly at Buonaparte's table. The following circumstance occurred one afternoon, which tended not a little to disconcert Count Cobentzel and the First Consul in their diplomatic arrangements.

This *Princeps Juventutis*, without regard to the august presence of his brother, or that of his much more respectable visitor, sat lolling in a very awkward posture on his chair before the fire. The Consul reproved him for the marked

negligence of his manner, in the company of his superiors: This observation, produced from the little tyrant of the Academy, only a careless yawn, and the following answer:—"My brother, I sit
"very well, I am quite at my ease!" Irritated to the highest pitch at the boy's *sans froid*, Buonaparte by a blow, felled him to the floor. The young Corsican, recovering himself, rose, and instantly clenching his hand at the Consul, told him, he should wait for his passing through the Corridor.

This threat, being well understood to convey a *sharp meaning*, according to the Italian mode of resenting insults; Buonaparte with great coolness, rang the bell, and consigning *Ferome* to the care of the domestics in waiting, wrote an

immediate order for his transportation on board the *Brest* fleet, where, at nine o'clock the same night, he was, to his great surprize, hurried from Paris, with a guard of *gens d'armes*: his conductors, to relieve his apprehensions assured him, that being the brother of the First Consul, he had nothing to dread.

This singular affair has produced a naval Hero; but he must perform still greater atchievements, than any of his wonderful family, in order to obtain celebrity in the situation which destiny has assigned him.

Buonaparte remembered this quarrel for a long time afterwards; and Jerome was not permitted upon any account to

return to Paris, notwithstanding many applications were made in his favour, in which the persuasive eloquence of Madame Buonaparte was unsuccessfully exerted.

To afford new proofs of his *fraternal affection*, he sent him out in the hazardous expedition to *St. Domingo*, with a view, no doubt, of *burying* his resentment in an unhealthy climate.

He returned however to *Brest*, and was the bearer of the first dispatches from General LE CLERC, which were at *that* time so very favourable to the Corsican's projects, as to induce him to admit Jerome again at the *Thuilleries*; and whilst he was plotting the destruction of the virtuous and betrayed TOUSSAINT LOU-

VERTURE, (who was then in his power,) to bestow, as a mark of his Consular favour and forgiveness, the rank of Commodore upon this young *marine adventurer*.

How strange it is, that a mighty nation, should groan under the oppression of a Family, chiefly conspicuous by the absence of every good quality; and which will hereafter be included in the curiosities of History, merely as a demonstration, how in one generation, the genealogy of corruption may appear in all its ramifications.

EDUCATION under the CONSULATE.

So much has been said, and so little done by the Consular Government upon this important subject, that very little remains left for the observation of the Writer.

Could plans or a prospectus for the appointment and regulation of public Seminaries, convey to our Readers proofs of national improvement in this department, the French people might be justly thought as the most enlightened; and

the literary labours of the Abbé Grégoire, (the President of the Committee for Instruction,) be recommended for the imitation of all civilized States.

The following is extracted from the *Almanach Nationale*, and may serve at least to shew, upon paper, the professions of these guardians of the morals of the rising generation.

“ According to the new organization,
“ instruction shall be given:

“ 1. In primary schools, established
“ by the communes.

“ 2. In secondary schools, established
“ by the communes, or kept by private
“ individuals.

“ 3. In the Lyceums, and special
“ schools, maintained by the public
“ treasury.

“ Three inspectors general of progress,
“ *appointed by the First Consul*, are once
“ a year at least, to visit the Lyceums;
“ there to examine the administration,
“ and every branch of study; and shall
“ render the accounts, they take, to go-
“ vernment.

“ These three inspectors, with three
“ members of the National Institute,
“ *nominated by the First Consul*, shall tra-
“ vel through the departments, examine
“ the citizens who shall offer themselves
“ as professors, and shall nominate two
“ persons for each place; one of whom
“ shall be *appointed by the First Consul*.

“ A primary school may appertain to
“ several communes, as their population
“ and locality may require.

“ The teachers to be chosen by the
“ mayors and municipal counsel.

“ The sub-prefects are especially
“ charged with the organization of these
“ schools; of the state of which they
“ are to give an account to the prefects,
“ once a month.

“ Every school established in the com-
“ munes, or kept by individuals, where
“ French, Latin, the first principles of
“ geography, history, and the mathema-
“ tics are taught, shall be considered as
“ a secondary school.

“ Government will encourage the
“ establishment of secondary schools;
“ and reward good teaching, either by
“ granting a habitation, by the distribu-
“ tion of gratuitous places in the Ly-
“ ceums, to the most distinguished
“ scholars of each department; or by
“ gifts to the fifty masters who shall have
“ had the most scholars admitted into
“ the Lyceums.

“ No secondary school can be under-
“ taken but *by the authority of govern-*
“ *ment*: these schools, and the schools
“ kept by individuals, where more is
“ taught than at the primary* schools,
“ are placed under the *peculiar inspection*
“ of the prefects.

* *Primmer schools.*

“ Leave is granted to establish ten
“ schools of law; three in addition of
“ medicine, one of them especially de-
“ dicated to the study and treatment of
“ diseases of the army and the navy;
“ four schools of natural history, phi-
“ losophy, and chymistry; two where
“ the mechanic and chymical arts shall
“ be taught; one of transcendant ma-
“ thematics; and one of geography, his-
“ tory, and public economy.”

The stranger after reading this truly pompous report, with many others which are periodically made on *plans* of national education, would imagine France to be the very residence of the arts and sciences: it were a matter of little difficulty to prove the direct reverse to be the fact.

When the consequences of a Revolution, are the expatriation and destruction of moral and political talents, in destroying, as the French Revolution has done, almost all the learned and celebrated characters which came within its vortex; then it must be expected, from want of education, that the people will become degraded, and fall a prey to the most unprincipled and daring usurper.

France may certainly be said to possess advantages, above all other nations, to contribute to the luxury of education: conquest and plunder have filled her palaces with pictures and statues, and her museums with curiosities; but, what must be the sentiments inculcated in the minds of youth, on the contemplation of these prodigies of art? Un-

doubtedly, those which are in common
with successful depredators!

The Belvidere Apollo, surrounded
with the tinsel finery of a French palace,
no longer has the majesty of the God;
and Venus, seems to turn from the im-
pure observation of the most degenerate
of mankind!

CONSULAR POLICY.

WE may seek in vain, through all the histories of the ancient republics, for one to assimilate with that, which bearing only the *name*, unites all the vices, not adopting one virtue belonging to a republican system.

The Athenians were strenuously observant of their laws; and the Spartans were the same. The wisdom of their legislators was profitably exerted for the

public good; and the people, for whom these laws were framed were sober and reflective. Yet, notwithstanding their own virtue, and those political advantages, they were too weak to maintain their independence; and were forced to yield to the imperious dictates of surrounding monarchies.

The French, in their various changes, since the abolition of the monarchy, have exhibited a character quite the reverse; possessed of resources within themselves, to constitute a powerful and respectable people; instead of commanding the respect of their neighbours, they have, by their own folly and instability, and the infamous policy of their diffe-

rent rulers, justly incurred their contempt and execration.

They have had the greatest experience of a republican government; for they have tried it in all its forms: but this experience has been insufficient to teach a frivolous and unthinking nation, that to arrive at any degree of perfection in this imaginary excellence, which is said to be the criterion of pure republicanism, they should begin, by a general reformation in manners as well as politics.

It is true, they have set up, and worshipped the goddesses of Liberty and Reason; but those idols of an enthusiastic effervescence, remain only as idle mementos of their folly;—as types of their principles,—equally cold and inanimate,

as the unfeeling marble of which these statues are formed !

Of their present ruler, it may be observed, that his uniform policy has been to unite in the Government, characters of every description. The meanest speculator, and the most notorious dilapidator, share alike his confidence; and their baleful influence over his deliberations, sufficiently manifested in his public acts, proves the decided preference they have, over the few men of principle that are thinly scattered in the councils.

Such is his extraordinary turpitude, that he would rather flatter, and ingratiate the favour of the despicable and

unworthy; than conciliate or gain the respectful opinion of good men!

Among the members of the Legislative Body and the Tribunate, may be observed, the opposite characters of Royalist and Republican; and seated beside each other on the same bench, may be seen an Emigrant, who has been plundered of his patrimonial possessions, and a Jacobin, who is *bona fide*, and by *virtue* of the Revolution, possessor of his estates! Can such jarring and contradictory interests, unite their talents and exertions for the public good?

These singular measures, enforced by the will or tyranny of a Despot, custom, and the pusillanimity of a people, may reluctantly tolerate; but Reason abso-

ed; and their claims are treated with a contemptuous silence.

Of these criminal instances of ingratitude, might be adduced innumerable facts: the following may suffice, as it will exhibit a proof of that detestable spirit of intrigue, which was so predominant under the ancient government; and its practice under the modern, will further shew, what little progress the Revolution has made in reforming their vicious principles.

It would be deviating from those liberal principles, which the Author has laid down for his boundary in this work, to expose the names, and relative situations, of many individuals now resident in France, and within the immediate grasp

of this Corsican terrorist. Such communications, though they might serve to strengthen the various facts under consideration, would be not only an unnecessary violation of confidential friendship; but subject a number of worthy characters to inconvenience and persecution.

An American gentleman, of respectability, a warm partizan of the French Revolution, upon its original principles; and who had, in rendering services to France, of a very extensive description, expended a large fortune, accumulated by honourable industry in commercial concerns.

The justice of his claims, (which were for upwards of 5,000,000 of livres tournois,) was never questioned by any of

the preceding governments; and they were admitted by the Consulate, with a degree of candor which seemed to promise a speedy liquidation.

After waiting for some time, for a written communication upon the subject of his affairs, he called upon the Minister of Marine repeatedly; but received no other satisfaction, than polite interviews, and flattering promises. In the mean time his necessities became so very pressing, that he communicated them to a friend, who was in the habits sometimes of visiting Buonaparte; and constantly at the Bureau of his Secretary *Maret*.

This friend mentioned the business to *Maret*, who promised to lay the affair

before the First Consul, and to obtain for the American a definitive answer in three days.

The period elapsed, and the latter was punctual in his attendance at the Bureau. The answer was favourable; the first payment was arranged, and he was presented with a *Mandat*, for 15,000 livres. "But," added the Secretary, "there is " a certain degree of *etiquette* to be observed, before you can *touch*: this is " drawn upon the Minister of Marine, " you must give a *petite cadeau*, (little " present,) to his confidential favourite."

"My present circumstances," replied the American, "suggest the propriety of " acceding to this preliminary, at all " events." He was then referred to this

confidential favourite of the Citizen *Forfait*, Minister of the Marine, and Colonies.

—The Reader, no doubt, anticipates in this *favourite*, some usurious wretch,—animated by the sordid spirit of avarice: the dictates of Truth must be obeyed. Behold, in the person of a beautiful female, that character which the fancy has depicted! This courtezan, exacted for her smile of approbation, the *modest* sum of 1,000 livres.

If the members of a Government do not blush, in the practice of such shameless acts of peculation; why should those who, contemplating the dignity which ought to be the characteristic of a regu-

lar Establishment, hesitate to proclaim such flagitious intrigues, to the just execration of all civilized states.*

* If you argue with a Frenchman upon the enormity of such things, he will shrug his shoulders, and exclaim with an unfeeling indifference: “ *Très vrai, Citoyen ! mais il y a de la politique, et c’est bien nécessaire !*”— (“ ’Tis true, Citizen ! but it is political, and very necessary !” This people have become so inured to the practice of imposition, that they can find a reason in favour of every evil of this description.

The CONSTITUTION of the CONSULATE.

THE present Constitution of France, in point of form alone, is a miserable imitation of that, which it is the happiness of England to possess. The Consuls, or executive part, may be supposed to ape the Monarchical estate; for, as the First Consul arrogates to himself the entire directorship in all affairs of state, he is so far from being the beneficent parent of the people, (as, by the British Consti-

tution, is its supreme head,) that he lacks but “the round and top of sovereignty,” to appear in the unlimited despotism of Asiatic rule; the other two being only subservient to his will and pleasure: the Second Consul, *Cambasceres*, the open advocate of the vilest crimes, as *Judge!* and pusillanimous *Le Brun*, the Third, as *Financier*.

The Counsellors of State, are a kind of lords in waiting about the Consuls; and are occasionally employed to carry the dictates of this Triumvirate to the Legislative Body, for their implicit adoption; for when a law is resolved upon by the former, it is sent to the latter to be ratified, and there remains a third branch to be mocked with the form of consultation: yet the Members of the Tribunate,

are so completely in the grasp of the executive power; that should they, in their nominal privilege of debate, dare to deliver a sentiment, the least hostile to the prescribed measure, their sittings of that day, would terminate their faculty of opposition to the Consular mandates; and they would be supplanted by the more pliant creatures of tyranny.

The ancient Parliaments of France, how much are they to be revered! How cautious were their lawyers in sanctioning the proceedings of the Monarch! With what scrutinizing eyes, did they not search the worst of codes, to find the precedents of interposition! Without a single example to guide them, that could be found in the annals of antiquity, they

firmly withstood the demands of a court, whose rapacity was only to be appreciated by its profusions: nor forfeitures, nor banishment, could influence these self-created advocates of an enslaved, an ungrateful people.

Farewell, Ye unfortunate remains of a power, once formidable to the most arbitrary sovereigns of France: you who were once the only genuine boast of a Nation, now lost to all sense of honour! The unhappy few who have escaped the axe, are now scattered throughout those scenes, which they so nobly withheld from the cupidity of otherwise unlimited power; are now wasting in penury those lives, which Heaven had seemed to destine for the freedom, the happiness, and the glory of their country.

The French nation, after having with unexampled rapidity, passed through the whole Cycle of revolutions, is at last found in an Aphelion of despotism, infinitely more abased, than that of any preceding period.

In fine, to declare what must be the prevailing sentiments of the people of France, and more especially at the present moment, of this last Tyrant which oppresses them; that whether he continues to act in the *Drama* of sovereignty, the character of First Consul; or makes, as is expected, a new attack upon the exclusive privileges of Princes; in assuming the title of Emperor of the Gauls, in either of these qualities of unprecedented usurpation, it may be said of him, in the forcible language of

Truth, so very pointedly expressed in the words of the Poet:——

“—But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat,

“ ’Tis phrase absurd to call a VILLAIN great:

“ Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,

“ Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.”

C O N C L U S I O N.

IF, in the event of an Invasion of this last refuge of European liberty, there be any sufficiently weak or wicked, as to wish success to the Usurper; or to expect to have their situations improved under his iron rule; let them turn their eyes, not only to his actions in France, but to all those countries that groan under her alliance.

See Holland, plundered of the very stamina of her commercial greatness;—Switzerland, despoiled of every ancient privilege;—Italy, partitioned, ravaged, depopulated;—the French soldiery, actually committing the greatest outrages

in Hanover;—and then ask themselves, what favour can they expect from the Grand Consul, more than he has been pleased to shew to those States, whose contiguity might have induced him to treat with some lenity, from the idea of incorporating them, in the already overgrown territory subject to his tyrannical domination?

At a crisis like the present, when every thing we reverence and hold dear, is threatened, by an enemy as formidable as he is vindictive; it is the duty of ALL, who value the existence, and prize the liberties of their Country, to stand forward, and oppose him in every shape.

Nor should the BRITISH PRESS remain unemployed, when such an im-

portant subject presents itself: its noblest energies ought to be exerted, in the sacred cause of Truth; to unmask the views, counteract the designs, and paint in its true colours, the character of this destructive Foe to the prosperity and repose of Europe.

The preceding Anecdotes are presented, as they have been faithfully collected; and it is respectfully presumed, from their originality; and the patriotic motive which has induced their publication, is, that they may receive the sanction of Englishmen, and promote the welfare of the common cause:

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END OF THE ANECDOTES.

AN
A P P E N D I X:

CONTAINING

EXTRACTS

FROM A

MORAL WORK,

(Translated from the French,) Suppressed by
Order of

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

APPENDIX:

CONTAINING

EXTRACTS

FROM A

MORAL WORK,

Order of
(Translated from the French) Suppressed by

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE following is extracted from a Publication, entituled, "*Catéchisme Universel*," from the French of ST. LAMBERT. The Writer, (a man of considerable erudition, and author of "*Les Saisons*," a very elegant Poem, in imitation of THOMSON,) published this Work, at the time the Directory were in power. The latter party, *professing* themselves the friends of Religious Toleration, approved of the Book, and recommended its use in the *Prytanéess*, or national Schools. No sooner did Buonaparte decree the exclusive privilege of the present Establishment, than he ordered it to be suppressed. From this information, and the matter contained in the subsequent pages, the Reader will have further proofs of the depravity of the Government in France; the degraded state of the French Press; and the laudable, though unsuccessful endeavours of M. ST. LAMBERT, to introduce a system of Ethics, evidently founded upon Christianity, at a period when Atheism was spreading progressively through all parts of France.

LECTURE NOTE

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upon Christianity, at a period when Atheism was
spreading progressively through all parts of France.

APPENDIX, &c.

DIALOGUES.



Question. WHAT is MAN?

Answer. A feeling and rational Being.

Q. As feeling and rational, what ought he to do?

A. Search for pleasure, and avoid pain.

Q. Is not this what is called self-love?

A. It is the necessary effect of it.

Q. Have all men self-love equally?

A. Yes; for all men desire to preserve themselves, and to obtain happiness.

Q. What is understood by happiness?

A. A durable state, in which we experience more pleasure than pain.

Q. What must be done to obtain this state?

A. We must have reason, and be guided by it.

Q. What is reason?

A. The knowledge of truths suited to our happiness.

Q. What is a rational man?

A. He who has the knowledge of these truths, and who acts by them.

Q. How are we to maintain and increase such qualities of the mind, as are suited to our happiness?

A. By endeavouring to perfect our reason, and to maintain sentiments which are pleasing to ourselves and to others.

Q. What are these sentiments?

A. All those that induce us to fill up our duties towards men.

Q. In what consist our duties towards men?

A. In contributing to their happiness; because, man from his birth to his death, ever needs the help of man.

Q. Man then is very feeble?

A. He is feeble if alone; but strong by society.

Q. What is society?

A. It is a body of men, assembled for self-defence;—to succour and love each other.—France, Helvetia, &c. are societies.

Q. What must we do to be beloved in society?

A. We must have justice, virtue, and the love of order.

Q. What is justice?

A. A disposition to conduct ourselves towards others, as we desire that they should conduct themselves towards us.

Q. What is virtue?

A. An habitual disposition to contribute to the welfare of others.

Q. What is vice?

A. A disposition to sacrifice order, and what we owe our fellow-creatures, to our own mistaken interest.

Q. What is meant by vices?

A. Passions that hurt ourselves and others.

Q. What are the passions?

A. Lively conceptions, of some duration.

Q. What are the vicious passions?

A. Pride, wrath, hatred, revenge, envy, pusillanimity, idleness.

Q. What is pride?

A. An exaggerated opinion of our own merit, accompanied with contempt for others.

Q. What is contempt?

A. An idea that the proud man forms, from the appearance of those he thinks his inferiors; and that all men form, who possess no qualities useful to society.

Q. What is anger?

A. A keen and painful sensation, that we experience from those who injure us; or from those in whom we suppose such an intention: it excites injustice; it may produce cruelty; it deprives of reason.

Q. What is hatred?

A. A continual anger, but not hasty; a lasting wish to hurt its object; it keeps us from enjoying pleasing sensations; it renders us odious to society, and inspires revenge.

Q. What is revenge?

A. A violent desire to render evil for evil; or what is imagined to have been such: it is a vice, because it wounds the laws of society, which are alone to punish offences.

Q. What is envy?

A. A melancholy sensation, excited by the happiness or merit of others.

Q. What is pusillanimity?

A. A habitual disposition to sentiments of fear; it takes away the strength of body and mind; torments with inqui-

etude; renders incapable of difficult enterprises; and hinders where there is danger, though in the path of duty.

Q. What is sloth?

A. A hatred to work, that nature and society require: it exposes the man without fortune to poverty; and the rich man to the loss of his property, and the contempt of good citizens.

Q. Is the love of riches a vice, or a virtue?

A. It is a vice, when it renders men covetous or greedy.

Q. What is meant by covetous and greedy?

A. To be covetous, is to wish to acquire great riches, without respecting order, justice, the interest of the common-wealth, or the property of their

fellow-citizens. And to be greedy, is not to expend what justice, order, and the public interest require.

Q. What is said of the love of glory?

A. After virtue, it is the most exalted thought upon earth: it can only be obtained, in doing men the greatest good.

Q. But may not glory be obtained, by a great display of power to do good or evil?

A. In enlightened ages, such a power would only obtain celebrity, and not glory.

Q. What difference is there between celebrity and glory?

A. Celebrity is the portion of any one who makes himself known by talents, or by actions, that produce great evils, or great good.

Q. What are the dangers which accompany the love of glory?

A. It may lead us to neglect certain virtues; excite us to boast of merit we do not possess, and feed in us a spirit of vanity: it may also indispose us toward those who refuse us praise; and also towards rivals, who have as much, or more merit than ourselves.

Q. Ought the love of glory then to be discouraged?

A. No; it is rather of the number of passions that should be cherished; provided it does not make us fall short of the precept: DO NOT TO OTHERS WHAT YOU WOULD NOT HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU.

Q. How are we to distinguish the

o

counsels of reason, from the specious arguments of the passions?

A. By comparing the good which the passions promise, with the good which must follow the exercise of virtue.

Q. How are we to oppose the passions which reason condemns, to those it approves?

A. If I am inclined to hatred, I turn my attention to the pleasure of loving; if to envy, I call up the pleasure of admiring; and if I am shaken by the fear of danger, I awaken in my soul the sentiments of honour.

Q. And, if you are solicited by the pleasures of sense?

A. I compare these pleasures to the happiness promised me by an attachment to duty; I excite in myself the love of

work; I recall in myself friendship and benevolence; and employ my mind with virtuous thoughts.

Q. Do you think that the man habituated to estimable passions, is less subject to those that are vicious?

A. Yes; all passions become stronger by habit; and every one thus strengthened, triumphs over others.

Q. Do not the virtuous passions contain illusions, preferences, and exclusions which reason condemns?

A. Doubtless. If I give myself up too much to friendship, I may prefer my friend to my country; if I carry the love of my country to an excess, it may make me forget what I owe to mankind, to my parents, to my friend, &c.

Q. Does not the man who re-unites all this knowledge, and is docile to reason, deserve much praise?

A. He deserves to be honoured with the name of Prudent.

Q. What is a prudent man?

A. He who according to circumstances knows when and how to fight against vice; to with what degree he must serve or follow one virtue or another; and he will not be subject to extravagant weaknesses. Serenity and mild joy reign in his heart; contented with others, and with himself, with health and necessaries—he is as happy as man can be.

P R E C E P T S.

DUTIES TOWARDS MEN.

ARE you young or old, rich or poor, powerful or weak, ignorant or enlightened?—Mortal!—you ought to be just to every mortal.

You desire that they should neither wrong you in your goods, in your person, nor in your honour; respect then *their* goods, *their* person, *their* honour.

If chance or industry have given you riches, justice tells you that they are, in

your hands, the treasure of the poor; open to them then their treasure.

If riches are not your portion, you can give but feeble succour to the unfortunate; but go console him in his distress, and give him hope.

Remember that the language of affection, and looks of benevolence, are a comfort to the unhappy.

Without the reason of other men, your own would not be worth the instinct of brutes: you ask counsel and you do right;—but render yourself worthy to give it.

Whether you buy or sell, consult justice, and universal benevolence.

Know to what degree you can use the offers of benevolence, attention, and time of your fellow-creatures.

Do you get a secret by surprize? It is a deposit—violate not a deposit.

Oppose with courage, but without disdain, the errors that are fatal to the happiness of men.

Salute man with a serene and smiling countenance; but, give yourself up seldom to laughter; it is the characteristic of insolent folly.

In shewing your own merit, beware of awakening in others—the feelings of their weakness.

Accustom yourself to act and speak, with an aim to unite man to man.

Seek to please; but remember that to flatter is to betray.

Politeness in a good man, is the expression of friendship, or generosity, in little things.

Forgive the unpolished man; the false wit; the presumptuous; the giddy; the vain man, and many others.

Forgive offences that do not injure the happiness of your life; and ask justice of others.

You have an enemy, as long as you have not forgiven him.

Redouble your kindness to the man you have obliged, and gratitude to the man who obliges you.



DUTIES TO YOUR COUNTRY.

How dear ought the men to be, amongst whom you receive life, who live with you under the same laws, who enjoy with you the same goods, and to whom you owe the tranquillity of your life.

Revere the laws that command only the happiness of all.

Love the country where you have nothing to fear, *but* the laws; and where the just man has nothing to fear *from* the laws.

Respect the magistrates among you who maintain justice, concord, and virtue.

But what conduct ought the love of your country to inspire? This:

Your country is rich, flourishing, and tranquil, because the ground is well cultivated; because it has industrious workmen, skilful negociants, warriors who fight for its defence, magistrates who maintain peace, and wise men who devote themselves to the solitudes of government. These are the different stations that its citizens divide amongst them; choose one of these, and fill up the duties of it.

You, and the men you live amongst, have been engaged by the oaths of your fathers, to work for the happiness of all; will you then remain idle, and without functions?

In whatever station you have adopted, do not search to reap the advantages of it, in preference to the advantages of your country.

Whatever station you are in, obey in the name of the law, the orders given you by those who are charged with its execution: respect them, and thus preserve self-esteem:

If you fill up the functions that power has given you, use it only in the name of, and according to, law.

If you render great services, do not ask for recompences, that may cost your

country too much: ask those honours that say to citizens—"You have served us well."

To support those who devote themselves to defend the state, to judge of our differences, to maintain order, there must be a treasury; and the country has no treasury but in her citizens.

Pay then your taxes with pleasure; it is the best employed money you can spend.

Say to yourself, my goods are not mine alone; they belong to me and to the state.

Say to yourself, my life is not my own; it belongs to the state, and to myself.

Remember that *your* morals will influence much the morals of your country,

and to which you ought to be just and wise.

Say with modesty, but with courage, what you think of a law, or of a choice, that appears contrary to the general good.

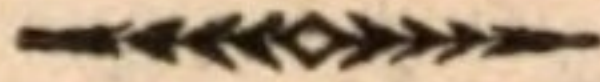
In the mean time, until the legislature is enlightened, obey the laws, and serve your country.

If you experience great injustice, you are permitted to leave it; but you never can be allowed to quit your country to fight against it.

Nature forbids you to render services to your country, which you think fatal to mankind.

Your country forbids you to covet either for your relations, your friends, or yourself, places which others have better deserved.

If you are wanting to this law, you have no longer the sentiment of justice.



DUTIES OF FRIENDS.

Do you wish to add to your existence, to strengthen within you the soul of life, the consciousness of your force, reason that conducts you, the value of every pleasure that you can taste?—take a friend.

Do not give way to your taste, nor prepossession for a frivolous person.

Let him be a plain, and upright man, whose mind can penetrate the thoughts of others, and that can mix and blend itself with yours.

Having made this choice, forget yourself in your friend; it belongs to him to direct you.

Shew him the most secret recesses of your heart; and be assured, that the sentiments which you are afraid to expose, must be eradicated.

Friendship lavishes without counting; it is pleased to sow without thought of reaping.

Let your friend find in *you*—what you desire to find in *him*.

Never sacrifice to your friend any of your duties.

Try as much as possible, to have the same taste, and to make your opinions meet.

Enjoy the honours, the talents, the virtues, the comforts of your friend; and

bestow upon him with sensibility, moderate praise.

The good man must necessarily have a friend ; but that friend must also be a good man.

It would be strange to remain the friend of a rival in ambition, of honour, or of love : yet that is possible.

If you despise riches and honours for yourself, make a consideration of them for your friend.

In your prosperity, redouble your esteem and condescension for him ; in his afflictions, forget *your* pleasures until *he* is able to enjoy them.

Visit him often, if it be only to shew him your esteem and your tenderness.

Cherish those that he may love ; and avoid his enemy.

Changes may take place in your tastes, your situations, and your opinions; perhaps you will need a new friend.

Seek then a new friend; but what reason ought you have to diminish any thing from the ancient?

If you cease to love each other, let it be the ending of friendship, and not the beginning of hatred.

Time gives an inexpressible charm to the habit of loving; and ancient friendships are the most amiable, and sacred things upon earth.

F I N I S.

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C. Wern



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